LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 370
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Father Damien

Robert Louis Stevenson

POCKET SERIES NO. 370
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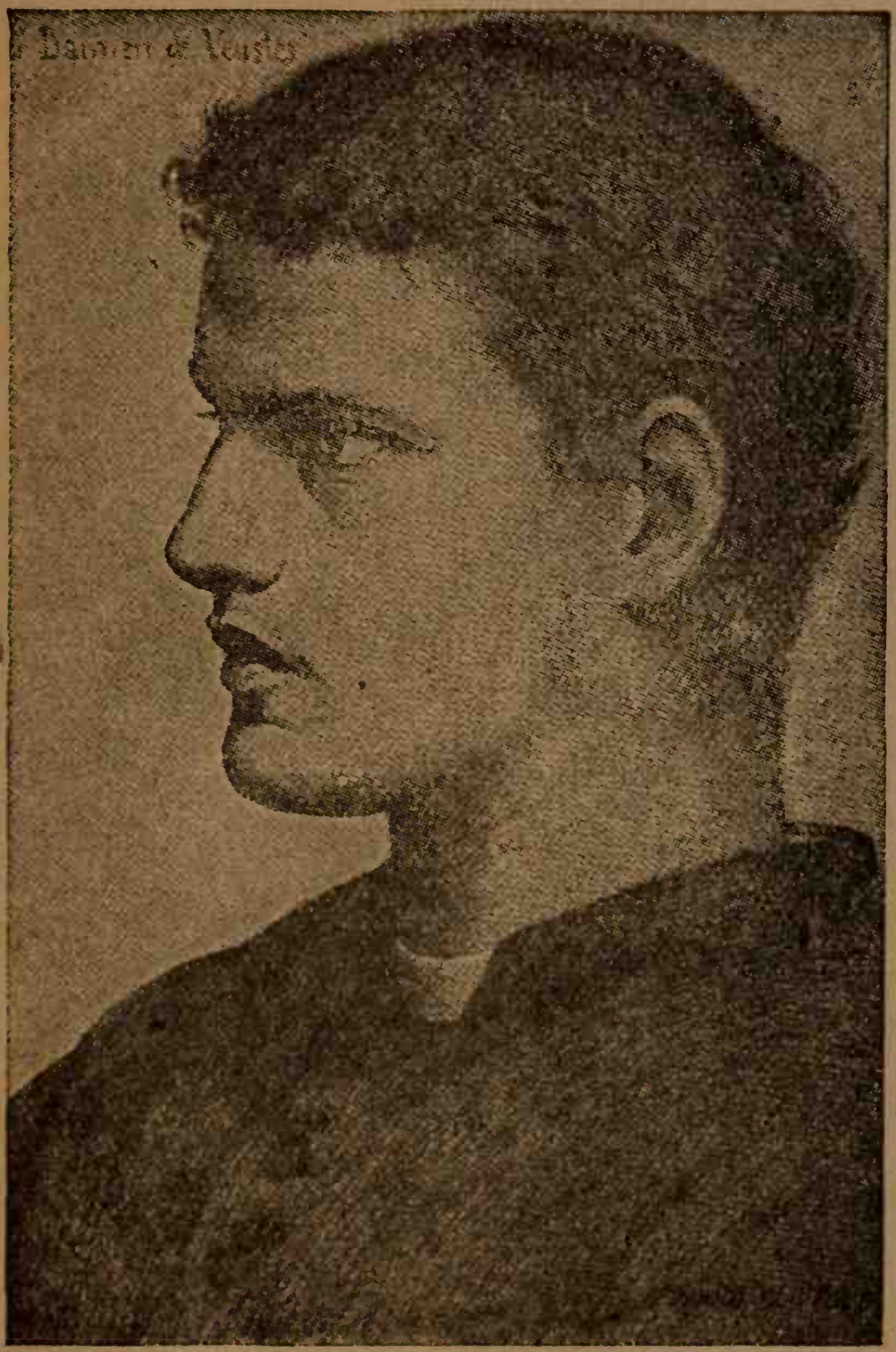

FATHER DAMIEN

No golden dome shines over Damien's sleep:
A leper's grave upon a leprous strand,
Where hope is dead, and hand must shrink from hand,
Where cataracts wail toward a moaning deep,
And frowning purple cliffs in mercy keep
All wholesome life at distance, hath God planned
For him who led the saint's heroic band,
And died a shepherd of Christ's exiled sheep.
O'er Damien's dust the broad skies bend for dome,
Stars burn for golden letters, and the sea
Shall roll perpetual anthem round his rest:
For Damien made the charnel-house life's home,
Matched love with death; and Damien's name shall be
A glorious benediction, world-possest.

H. D. Rawnsley.

FOREWORD

With Mr. R. L. Stevenson's compliments. Father Damien. An open letter to the Reverend Dr. Hyde of Honolulu from Robert Louis Stevenson. Sydney, 1890.* Such is the title-page of a little pamphlet that was privately printed by its author for presentation only: nevertheless it has become part and parcel of English literature, and must be reckoned with.

Outside of what the Letter tells us of

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*It was in 12mo. (Pp. 32) and privately printed for presentation only at Sydney, (N. S. W.), March 27, 1890. It appeared in the *"Scots Observer,"* May 3 and 10, 1890. The second issue was a thin 4to, printed on Japan paper (of which only 30 copies were issued, with a portrait of Father Damien) by Messrs. Constable Co., Edinburgh. The third issue was a 12mo, brown paper wrappers, published at a shilling by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, London, 1890. (See Mr. E. D. North's *"A Biography of Robert Louis Stevenson,"* in *The Bookman,* September, 1896.)

The disinterestedness of Stevenson was still further shown by a refusal to accept payment for his *Apologia.* It was concerning this third issue by the London firm that he wrote them: "The letter to Dr. Hyde is yours, or any man's. I will never touch a penny of remuneration. I do not stick at murder; I draw the line at cannibalism. I could not eat a penny roll that piece of bludgeoning had gained for me."

Father Damien would you know how he fared in the seventeen years given up to wretches forsaken of man,—almost forgotten of God? Is it not well to see this solitary priest as he was,—the single star of hope in a long night of human misery?*

Somehow, at the time, one fancies a sort of critical indifference; at best as who should say, why vex yourself over a *Dr.* Hyde? Have you not given us an imaginary *Mr.* Hyde? The lost souls of the imagination interest us vastly more than this obscure traducer and a far off leper colony. Besides your Letter reads like truth and who cares for,—indeed, what is Truth?

Perhaps it is one cause of our love for him that Robert Louis Stevenson *did* care for Truth. The despicable charges against Damien touched his soul to fine and fiery issues. Through him the world of living men first beheld this humble Belgian Priest ministering to untold suffering in such wise as he might until

*See Edward Clifford's little book, *Father Damien: A Journey from Cashmere, to his home in Hawaii,* (London, 1889).

the night came wherein no man laboured more.*

In any age,—out of many lands, where find a greater sacrifice of self? Creeds pass; conduct alone endures. Stevenson saw the abiding spirit of God in Father Damien. Who would gainsay his wider vision?

"Through such souls alone
God stooping shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by."

It may be interesting to note the circumstances under which Stevenson wrote his scathing rebuke on behalf of Father Damien. In 1889, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson left San Francisco on the yacht *Casco* for an indefinite cruise in the Pacific. They stayed several months

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*"There are not too many heroisms in the world: the earth, as Carlyle said, will not become too God-like. Obscure bigots who are never tired of proclaiming that they are Christians will take very good care of that. But to ignorant intolerance, which presumes to revile such a life as Damien's because he is not this and he is not that, may be very decisively applied the crushing rebuke which the brother of the dead Ophelia addressed to the churlish priest in Hamlet. *Archibald Ballantyne*, in *Longman's Magazine*, May, 1889.

in the Hawaiian Islands, and Stevenson had an opportunity to visit the leper colony on the Island of Molokai. Unfortunately at the time of his visit to the island Father Damien had been dead a little over a month. He describes it thus in a letter to Sidney Colvin:

I have seen sights that cannot be told, and heard stories that cannot be repeated: yet I never admired my poor race so much, nor (strange as it may seem) loved life more than in the settlement. A horror of moral beauty broods over the place: that's like bad Victor Hugo, but it is the only sense that lived with me all these days....Of old Damien, whose weaknesses and worse perhaps I heard fully, I think only the more. It was a European peasant: dirty, bigoted, untruthful, unwise, tricky, but superb with generosity, residual candour, and fundamental good-humour: convince him he had done wrong (it might take hours of insult) and he would undo what he had done and like his corrector better. A man, with all the grime and paltriness of mankind, but a saint and hero all the more for that. The place as regards scenery is grand, gloomy, and bleak. Mighty mountain walls descending sheer along the whole face of the island into a sea unusually deep; the front of the mountain ivied and furred with clinging forest, one viridescent cliff: about half-way from east to west, the low, bare, stony promontory edged in between the cliff and ocean; the two little towns (Kalawao and

Kalaupapa) seated on either side of it, as bare almost as bathing machines upon a beach; and the population—gorgons and chimaeras dire.

When the Stevensons left Honolulu, they started on a new cruise which ended in Samoa. There they resolved to make their home, but for the time being they continued on their way, and had reached Australia when Stevenson was overtaken by a serious illness. They had heard a rumor in Samoa to the effect that the plan to erect a monument to Father Damien had been given up, and in Sydney, the newspaper containing Dr. Hyde's letter of condemnation was among the first they opened.

Mrs. Stevenson says: "I shall never forget my husband's ferocity of indignation, his leaping stride as he paced the room, holding the offending paper at arm's length. . ." He immediately disappeared to his own room, and she says she heard his chair pulled out from the table, and the sound of the inkstand being dragged towards him. In the afternoon he called his family together and read aloud his defense of Father Damien, "still red-hot from his indig-

nant soul." He felt the contents would justify Dr. Hyde in bringing action for libel against him, and would not take the risk of bringing possible ruin upon them without their knowledge and consent. "There was no dissenting voice," Mrs. Stevenson says; "How could there be?"

Stevenson wrote his mother:

I have struck as hard as I knew how; nor do I think my answer can fail to do away (in the minds of all who see it) with the effect of Hyde's incredible and villainous production. What a mercy I wasn't this man's *guest* in the *Morning Star!* I think it would have broken my heart.

The Damien letter was published without change or revision, and later Stevenson seems to have considered this a mistake. In a letter written in 1890, he writes:

It is always harshness that one regrets.... I regret also my letter to Dr. Hyde. Yes I do; I think it was barbarously harsh; if I did it now, I would defend Damien no less well, and give less pain to those who are alive. These promptings of good-humour are not all sound; the three times three, cheer boys, cheer, and general amiability business rests on a sneaking love of popularity, the most insidious

enemy of virtue. On the whole it was virtuous to defend Damien; but it was harsh to strike so hard at Dr. Hyde. When I wrote the letter, I believed he would bring an action, in which case I knew I could be beggared. And as yet there has come no action; the injured Doctor has contented himself up to now with the (truly innocuous) vengeance of calling me a "Bohemian Crank," and I have deeply wounded one of his colleagues whom I esteemed and liked.

Well, such is life.

FATHER DAMIEN

Remember what a martyr said
On the rude tablet overhead:
"I was born sickly, poor and mean,
A slave; no misery could screen
The holders of the pearl of price
From Cæsar's envy; therefore twice
I fought with beasts, three times I saw
My children suffer by his law;
At last my own release was earned;
I was some time in being burned,
But at the close a Hand came through
The fire above my head, and drew
My soul to Christ, whom now I see.
Sergius, a brother, writes for me
This testimony on the wall—
For me, I have forgot it all."

ROBERT BROWNING.

FATHER DAMIEN

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE REVEREND DR. HYDE OF HONOLULU

Sydney, February 25, 1890.

Sir,—It may probably occur to you that we have met, and visited, and conversed; on my side, with interest. You may remember that you have done me several courtesies, for which I was prepared to be grateful. But there are duties which come before gratitude, and offences which justly divide friends, far more acquaintances. Your letter to the Reverend H. B. Gage is a document which, in my sight, if you had filled me with bread when I was starving, if you had sat up to nurse my father when he lay a-dying, would yet absolve me from the bonds of gratitude. You know enough, doubtless, of the process of canonisation to be aware that, a hundred years after the death of Damien, there will appear a man charged with the painful office of the *devil's advocate*. After that noble brother of mine, and

of all frail clay, shall have lain a century at rest, one shall accuse, one defend him. The circumstance is unusual that the devil's advocate should be a volunteer, should be a member of a sect immediately rival, and should make haste to take upon himself his ugly office ere the bones are cold; unusual, and of a taste which I shall leave my readers free to qualify; unusual, and to me inspiring. If I have at all learned the trade of using words to convey truth and to arouse emotion, you have at last furnished me with a subject. For it is in the interest of all mankind and the cause of public decency in every quarter of the world, not only that Damien should be righted, but that you and your letter should be displayed at length, in their true colours, to the public eye.

To do this properly, I must begin by quoting you at large: I shall then proceed to criticise your utterance from several points of view, divine and human, in the course of which I shall attempt to draw again and with more specification the character of the dead saint whom it has pleased you to vilify:

so much being done, I shall say farewell to you for ever.

"*Honolulu, August* 2, 1889.

"Rev. H. B. Gage.

"Dear Brother,—In answer to your inquiries about Father Damien, I can only reply that we who knew the man are surprised at the extravagant newspaper laudations, as if he was a most saintly philanthropist. The simple truth is, he was a coarse, dirty man, headstrong and bigoted. He was not sent to Molokai, but went there without orders; did not stay at the leper settlement (before he became one himself), but circulated freely over the whole island (less than half the island is devoted to the lepers), and he came often to Honolulu. He had no hand in the reforms and improvements inaugurated, which were the work of our Board of Health, as occasion required and means were provided. He was not a pure man in his relations with women, and the leprosy of which he died should be attributed to his vices and carelessness. Others have done much for the lepers, our own ministers, the government physicians, and so forth, but never with the Catholic idea of meriting eternal life.—Yours, etc.,

"C. M. Hyde."*

To deal fitly with a letter so extraordinary, I must draw at the outset on my private knowledge of the signatory and his sect. It may offend others; scarcely

*From the Sydney *Presbyterian*, October 26, 1889.

you, who have been so busy to collect, so bold to publish, gossip on your rivals. And this is perhaps the moment when I may best explain to you the character of what you are to read: I conceive you as a man quite beyond and below the reticences of civility: with what measure you mete, with that shall it be measured you again; with you, at last, I rejoice to feel the button off the foil and to plunge home. And if in aught that I shall say I should offend others, your colleagues, whom I respect and remember with affection, I can but offer them my regret; I am not free, I am inspired by the consideration of interests far more large; and such pain as can be inflicted by anything from me must be indeed trifling when compared with the pain with which they read your letter. It is not the hangman, but the criminal, that brings dishonour on the house.

You belong, sir, to a sect—I believe my sect, and that in which my ancestors laboured—which has enjoyed, and partly failed to utilise, an exceptional advantage in the islands of Hawaii. The first missionaries came; they found the

land already self-purged of its old and bloody faith; they were embraced, almost on their arrival, with enthusiasm; what troubles they supported came far more from whites than from Hawaiians; and to these last they stood (in a rough figure) in the shoes of God. This is not the place to enter into the degree or causes of their failure, such as it is. One element alone is pertinent, and must here be plainly dealt with. In the course of their evangelical calling, they—or too many of them—grew rich. It may be news to you that the houses of missionaries are a cause of mocking on the streets of Honolulu. It will at least be news to you, that when I returned your civil visit, the driver of my cab commented on the size, the taste, and the comfort of your home. It would have been news certainly to myself, had any one told me that afternoon that I should live to drag such matter into print. But you see, sir, how you degrade better men to your own level; and it is needful that those who are to judge betwixt you and me, betwixt Damien and the devil's advocate, should understand your letter

to have been penned in a house which could raise, and that very justly, the envy and the comments of the passers-by. I think (to employ a phrase of yours which I admire) it "should be attributed" to you that you have never visited the scene of Damien's life and death. If you had, and had recalled it, looked about your pleasant rooms, even your pen perhaps would have been stayed.

Your sect (and remember, as far as any sect avows me, it is mine) has not done ill in a worldly sense in the Hawaiian Kingdom. When calamity befell their innocent parishioners, when leprosy descended and took root in the Eight Islands, a *quid pro quo* was to be looked for. To that prosperous mission, and to you, as one of its adornments, God had sent at last an opportunity. I know I am touching here upon a nerve acutely sensitive. I know that others of your colleagues look back on the inertia of your Church, and the intrusive and decisive heroism of Damien, with something almost to be called remorse. I am sure it is so with

yourself; I am persuaded your letter was inspired by a certain envy, not essentially ignoble, and the one human trait to be espied in that performance. You were thinking of the lost chance, the past day; of that which should have been conceived and was not; of the service due and not rendered. *Time was,* said the voice in your ear, in your pleasant room, as you sat raging and writing; and if the words written were base beyond parallel, the rage, I am happy to repeat—it is the only compliment I shall pay you—the rage was almost virtuous. But, sir, when we have failed, and another has succeeded; when we have stood by, and another has stepped in; when we sit and grow bulky in our charming mansions, and a plain, uncouth peasant steps into the battle, under the eyes of God, and succours the afflicted, and consoles the dying, and is himself afflicted in his turn, and dies upon the field of honour—the battle cannot be retrieved as your unhappy irritation has suggested. It is a lost battle, and lost for ever. One thing remained to you in your defeat—some

rags of common honour; and these you have made haste to cast away.

Common honour; not the honour of having done anything right, but the honour of not having done aught conspicuously foul; the honour of the inert: that was what remained to you. We are not all expected to be Damiens; a man may conceive his duty more narrowly, he may love his comforts better; and none will cast a stone at him for that. But will a gentleman of your reverend profession allow me an example from the fields of gallantry? When two gentlemen compete for the favour of a lady, and the one succeeds and the other is rejected, and (as will sometimes happen) matter damaging to the successful rival's credit reaches the ear of the defeated, it is held by plain men of no pretensions that his mouth is, in the circumstances, almost necessarily closed. Your Church and Damien's were in Hawaii upon a rivalry to do well: to help, to edify, to set divine examples. You having (in one 'huge instance) failed, and Damien succeeded, I marvel it should not have occurred to you that

you were doomed to silence; that when you had been outstripped in that high rivalry, and sat inglorious in the midst of your well-being, in your pleasant room—and Damien, crowned with glories and horrors, toiled and rotted in that pigstye of his under the cliffs of Kalawao—you, the elect who would not, were the last man on earth to collect and propagate gossip on the volunteer who would and did.

I think I see you—for I try to see you in the flesh as I write these sentences—I think I see you leap at the word pigstye, a hyperbolical expression at the best. "He had no hand in the reforms," he was "a coarse, dirty man;" these were your own words; and you may think it possible that I am come to support you with fresh evidence. In a sense, it is even so. Damien has been too much depicted with a conventional halo and conventional features; so drawn by men who perhaps had not the eye to remark or the pen to express the individual; or who perhaps were only blinded and silenced by generous admiration, such as I partly envy for my-

self—such as you, if your soul were enlightened, would envy on your bended knees. It is the least defect of such a method of portraiture that it makes the path easy for the devil's advocate, and leaves for the misuse of the slanderer a considerable field of truth. For the truth that is suppressed by friends is the readiest weapon of the enemy. The world, in your despite, may perhaps owe you something, if your letter be the means of substituting once for all a credible likeness for a wax abstraction. For, if that world at all remembers you, on that day when Damien of Molokai shall be named Saint, it will be in virtue of one work: your letter to the Reverend H. B. Gage.

You may ask on what authority I speak. It was my inclement destiny to become acquainted, not with Damien, but with Dr. Hyde. When I visited the lazaretto Damien was already in his resting grave. But such information as I have, I gathered on the spot in conversation with those who knew him well and long: some indeed who revered his memory; but others who had sparred

and wrangled with him, who beheld him with no halo, who perhaps regarded him with small respect, and through whose unprepared and scarcely partial communications the plain, human features of the man shone on me convincingly. These gave me what knowledge I possess; and I learnt it in that scene where it could be most completely and sensitively understood — Kalawao, which you have never visited, about which you have never so much as endeavoured to inform yourself: for, brief as your letter is, you have found the means to stumble into that confession. "*Less than one-half* of the island," you say, "is devoted to the lepers." Molokai—"*Molokai ahina,*" the "grey," lofty, and most desolate island—along all its northern side plunges a front of precipice into a sea of unusual profundity. This range of cliff is, from east to west, the true end and frontier of the island. Only in one spot there projects into the ocean a certain triangular and rugged down, grassy, stony, windy, and rising in the midst into a hill with a dead crater: the

whole bearing to the cliff that overhangs it somewhat the same relation as a bracket to a wall. With this hint you will now be able to pick out the leper station on a map; you will be able to judge how much of Molokai is thus cut off between the surf and precipice, whether less than a half, or less than a quarter, or a fifth, or a tenth—or say, a twentieth; and the next time you burst into print you will be in a position to share with us the issue of your calculations.

I imagine you to be one of those persons who talk with cheerfulness of that place which oxen and wainropes could not drag you to behold. You, who do not even know its situation on the map, probably denounce sensational descriptions, stretching your limbs the while in your pleasant parlour on Beretania Street. When I was pulled ashore there one early morning, there sat with me in the boat two sisters, bidding farewell (in humble imitation of Damien) to the lights and joys of human life. One of these wept silently; I could not withhold myself from joining her. Had

you been there, it is my belief that nature would have triumphed even in you; and as the boat drew but a little nearer, and you beheld the stairs crowded with abominable deformations of our common manhood, and saw yourself landing in the midst of such a population as only now and then surrounds us in the horror of a nightmare—what a haggard eye you would have rolled over your reluctant shoulder towards the house on Beretania Street! Had you gone on; had you found every fourth face a blot upon the landscape; had you visited the hospital and seen the butt-ends of human beings lying there almost unrecognisable, but still breathing, still thinking, still remembering; you would have understood that life in the lazaretto is an ordeal from which the nerves of a man's spirit shrink, even as his eye quails under the brightness of the sun; you would have felt it was (even today) a pitiful place to visit and a hell to dwell in. It is not the fear of possible infection. That seems a little thing when compared with the pain, the pity, and the disgust of

the visitor's surroundings, and the atmosphere of affliction, disease, and physical disgrace in which he breathes. I do not think I am a man more than usually timid; but I never recall the days and nights I spent upon that island promontory (eight days and seven nights), without heartfelt thankfulness that I am somewhere else. I find in my diary that I speak of my stay as a "grinding experience": I have once jotted in the margin, "*Harrowing* is the word": and when the *Mokolii* bore me at last towards the outer world, I kept repeating to myself, with a new conception of their pregnancy, those simple words of the song—

> "'Tis the most distressful country that ever yet was seen."

And observe: that which I saw and suffered from was a settlement purged, bettered, beautified; the new village built, the hospital and the Bishop-Home excellently arranged; the sisters, the doctor, and the missionaries, all indefatigable in their noble tasks. It was a different place when Damien came there, and made his great renuncia-

tion, and slept that first night under a tree amidst his rotting brethren: alone with pestilence; and looking forward (with what courage, with what pitiful sinkings of dread, God only knows) to a lifetime of dressing sores and stumps.

You will say, perhaps, I am too sensitive, that sights as painful abound in cancer hospitals and are confronted daily by doctors and nurses. I have long learned to admire and envy the doctors and the nurses. But there is no cancer hospital so large and populous as Kalawao and Kalaupapa; and in such a matter every fresh case, like every inch of length in the pipe of an organ, deepens the note of the impression; for what daunts the onlooked is that monstrous sum of human suffering by which he stands surrounded. Lastly, no doctor or nurse is called upon to enter once for all the doors of that gehenna; they do not say farewell, they need not abandon hope, on its sad threshold; they but go for a time to their high calling, and can look forward as they go to relief, to recrea-

tion; and to rest. But Damien shut to with his own hand the doors of his own sepulchre.

I shall now extract three passages from my diary at Kalawao.

A. "Damien is dead and already somewhat ungratefully remembered in the field of his labours and sufferings. 'He was a good man, but very officious,' says one. Another tells me he had fallen (as other priests so easily do) into something of the ways and habits of thought of a Kanaka; but he had the wit to recognise the fact, and the good sense to laugh at [over] it. A plain man it seems he was; I cannot find he was a popular."

B. "After Ragsdale's death" [Ragsdale was a famous Luna, or overseer, of the unruly settlement] "there followed a brief term of office by Father Damien which served only to publish the weakness of that noble man. He was rough in his ways, and he had no control. Authority was relaxed; Damien's life was threatened, and he was soon eager to resign."

C. "Of Damien I begin to have an

idea. He seems to have been a man of the peasant class, certainly of the peasant type: shrewd, ignorant and bigoted, yet with an open mind, and capable of receiving and digesting a reproof if it were bluntly administered; superbly generous in the least thing as well as in the greatest, and as ready to give his last shirt (although not without human grumbling) as he had been to sacrifice his life; essentially indiscreet and officious, which made him a troublesome colleague; domineering in all his ways, which made him incurably unpopular with the Kanakas, but yet destitute of real authority, so that his boys laughed at him and he must carry out his wishes by the means of bribes. He learned to have a mania for doctoring; and set up the Kanakas against the remedies of his regular rivals: perhaps (if anything matter at all in the treatment of such a disease) the worst thing that he did, and certainly the easiest. The best and worst of the man appear very plainly in his dealings with Mr. Chapman's money; he had originally laid it out" [intended to lay it out]

"entirely for the benefit of Catholics, and even so not wisely; but after a long, plain talk, he admitted his error fully and revised the list. The sad state of the boys' home is in part the result of his lack of control; in part, of his own slovenly ways and false ideas of hygiene. Brother officials used to call it 'Damien's Chinatown.' 'Well,' they would say, 'your Chinatown keeps growing.' And he would laugh with perfect good-nature, and adhere to his errors with perfect obstinacy. So much I have gathered of truth about this plain, noble human brother and father of ours; his imperfections are the traits of his face, by which we know him for our fellow; his martyrdom and his example nothing can lessen or annul; and only a person here on the spot can properly appreciate their greatness."

I have set down these private passages, as you perceive, without correction; thanks to you, the public has them in their bluntness. They are almost a list of the man's faults, for it is rather these that I was seeking: with his virtues, with the heroic profile of his life,

I and the world were already sufficiently acquainted. I was besides a little suspicious of Catholic testimony; in no ill sense, but merely because Damien's admirers and disciples were the least likely to be critical. I know you will be more suspicious still; and the facts set down above were one and all collected from the lips of Protestants who had opposed the father in his life. Yet I am strangely deceived, or they build up the image of a man, with all his weaknesses, essentially heroic, and alive with rugged honesty, generosity, and mirth.

Take it for what it is, rough private jottings of the worst sides of Damien's character, collected from the lips of those who had laboured with and (in your own phrase) "knew the man";—though I question whether Damien would have said that he knew you. Take it, and observe with wonder how well you were served by your gossips, how ill by your intelligence and sympathy; in how many points of fact we are at one, and how widely our appreciations vary. There is something

wrong here; either with you or me. It is possible, for instance, that you, who seem to have so many ears in Kalawao, had heard of the affair of Mr. Chapman's money, and were singly struck by Damien's intended wrong-doing. I was struck with that also, and set it fairly down; but I was struck much more by the fact that he had the honesty of mind to be convinced. I may here tell you that it was a long business; that one of his colleagues sat with him late into the night, multiplying arguments and accusations; that the father listened as usual with "perfect good-nature and perfect obstinacy;" but at the last, when he was persuaded—"Yes," said he, "I am very much obliged to you; you have done me a service; it would have been a theft." There are many (not Catholics merely) who require their heroes and saints to be infallible; to these the story will be painful; not to the true lovers, patrons, and servants of mankind.

And I take it, this is a type of our division; that you are one of those who have an eye for faults and failures; that

you take a pleasure to find and publish them; and that, having found them, you make haste to forget the overvailing virtues and the real success which had alone introduced them to your knowledge. It is a dangerous frame of mind. That you may understand how dangerous, and into what a situation it has already brought you, we will (if you please) go hand-in-hand through the different phrases of your letter, and candidly examine each from the point of view of its truth, its appositeness, and its charity.

Damien was *coarse.*

It is very possible. You make us sorry for the lepers who had only a coarse old peasant for their friend and father. But you, who were so refined, why were you not there, to cheer them with the lights of culture? Or may I remind you that we have some reason to doubt if John the Baptist were genteel; and in the case of Peter, on whose career you doubtless dwell approvingly in the pulpit, no doubt at all he was a "coarse, headstrong" fisherman! Yet

even in our Protestant Bibles Peter is called Saint.

Damien was *dirty*.

He was. Think of the poor lepers annoyed with this dirty comrade! But the clean Dr. Hyde was at his food in a fine house.

Damien was *headstrong*.

I believe you are right again; and I thank God for his strong head and heart.

Damien was *bigoted*.

I am not fond of bigots myself, because they are not fond of me. But what is meant by bigotry, that we should regard it as a blemish in a priest? Damien believed his own religion with the simplicity of a peasant or a child; as I would I could suppose that you do. For this, I wonder at him some way off; and had that been his only character, should have avoided him in life. But the point of interest in Damien, which has caused him to be so much talked about and made him at last the subject of your pen and mine, was that, in him, his bigotry, his intense and

narrow faith, wrought potently for good, and strengthened him to be one of the world's heroes and exemplars.

Damien *was not sent to Molokai, but went there without orders.*

Is this a misreading? or do you really mean the words for blame? I have heard Christ, in the pulpits of our Church, held up for imitation on the ground that His sacrifice was voluntary. Does Dr. Hyde think otherwise?

Damien *did not stay at the settlement, etc.*

It is true he was allowed many indulgences. Am I to understand that you blame the father for profiting by these, or the officers for granting them? In either case, it is a mighty Spartan standard to issue from the house on Beretania Street; and I am convinced you will find yourself with few supporters.

Damien *had no hand in the reforms, etc.*

I think even you will admit that I have already been frank in my description of the man I am defending; but

before I take you up upon this head, I will be franker still, and tell you that perhaps nowhere in the world can a man taste a more pleasurable sense of contrast than when he passes from Damien's "Chinatown" at Kalawao to the beautiful Bishop-Home at Kalaupapa. At this point, in my desire to make all fair for you, I will break my rule and adduce Catholic testimony. Here is a passage from my diary about my visit to the Chinatown, from which you will see how it is (even now) regarded by its own officials: "We went round all the dormitories, refectories, etc.—dark and dingy enough, with a superficial cleanliness, which he" [Mr. Dutton, the lay brother] "did not seek to defend. 'It is almost decent,' said he; 'the sisters will make that all right when we get them here.'" And yet I gathered it was already better since Damien was dead, and far better than when he was there alone and had his own (not always excellent) way. I have now come far enough to meet you on a common ground of fact; and I tell you that, to a mind not prejudiced by

jealousy, all the reforms of the lazaretto, and even those which he most vigorously opposed, are properly the work of Damien. They are the evidence of his success; they are what his heroism provoked from the reluctant and the careless. Many were before him in the field; Mr. Meyer, for instance, of whose faithful work we hear too little: there have been many since; and some had more worldly wisdom, though none had more devotion, than our saint. Before his day, even you will confess, they had effected little. It was his part, by one striking act of martyrdom, to direct all men's eyes on that distressful country. At a blow, and with the price of his life, he made the place illustrious and public. And that, if you will consider largely, was the one reform needful; pregnant of all that should succeed. It brought money; it brought (best individual addition of them all) the sisters; it brought supervision, for public opinion and public interest landed with the man at Kalawao. If ever any man brought reforms, and died to bring them, it was he. There

is not a clean cup or towel in the Bishop-Home, but dirty Damien washed it.

Damien *was not a pure man in his relations with women, etc.*

How do you know that? Is this the nature of the conversation in that house on Beretania Street which the cabman envied, driving past?—racy details of the misconduct of the poor peasant priest, toiling under the cliffs of Molokai?

Many have visited the station before me; they seem not to have heard the rumour. When I was there I heard many shocking tales, for my informants were men speaking with the plainness of the laity; and I heard plenty of complaints of Damien. Why was this never mentioned? and how came it to you in the retirement of your clerical parlour?

But I must not even seem to deceive you. This scandal, when I read it in your letter, was not new to me. I had heard it once before; and I must tell you how. There came to Samoa a man from Honolulu; he, in a public-house on the beach, volunteered the statement that Damien had "contracted the dis-

ease from having connection with the female lepers"; and I find a joy in telling you how the report was welcomed in a public-house. A man sprang to his feet; I am not at liberty to give his name, but from what I heard I doubt if you would care to have him to dinner in Beretania Street. "You miserable little——" (here is a word I dare not print, it would so shock your ears). "You miserable little——," he cried, "if the story were a thousand times true, can't you see you are a million times a lower——for daring to repeat it?" I wish it could be told of you that when the report reached you in your house, perhaps after family worship, you had found in your soul enough holy anger to receive it with the same expressions; ay, even with that one which I dare not print; it would not need to have been blotted away, like Uncle Toby's oath, by the tears of the recording angel; it would have been counted to you for your brightest righteousness. But you have deliberately chosen the part of the man from Honolulu, and you have played it with improvements of your

own. The man from Honolulu—miserable, leering creature — communicated the tale to a rude knot of beach-combing drinkers in a public-house, where (I will so far agree with your temperance opinions) man is not always at his noblest; and the man from Honolulu had himself been drinking—drinking, we may charitably fancy, to excess. It was to your "Dear Brother, the Reverend H. B. Gage," that you chose to communicate the sickening story; and the blue ribbon which adorns your portly bosom forbids me to allow you the extenuating plea that you were drunk when it was done. Your "dear brother"—a brother indeed—made haste to deliver up your letter (as a means of grace, perhaps) to the religious papers; where, after many months, I found and read and wondered at it; and whence I have now reproduced it for the wonder of others. And you and your dear brother have, by this cycle of operations, built up a contrast very edifying to examine in detail. The man whom you would not care to have to dinner, on the one side: on the other, the Reverend Dr. Hyde and the Rever-

end H. B. Gage: the Apia bar-room, the Honolulu manse.

But I fear you scarce appreciate how you appear to your fellow-men; and to bring it home to you, I will suppose your story to be true. I will suppose—and God forgive me for supposing it—that Damien faltered and stumbled in his narrow path of duty; I will suppose that, in the horror of his isolation, perhaps in the fever of incipient disease, he, who was doing so much more than he had sworn, failed in the letter of his priestly oath—he, who was so much a better man than either you or me, who did what we have never dreamed of daring—he too tasted of our common frailty. "O, Iago, the pity of it!" The least tender should be moved to tears; the most incredulous to prayer. And all that you could do was to pen your letter to the Reverend H. B. Gage!

Is it growing at all clear to you what a picture you have drawn of your own heart? I will try yet once again to make it clearer. You had a father: suppose this tale were about him, and some informant brought it to you, proof in

hand: I am not making too high an estimate of your emotional nature when I suppose you would regret the circumstance? that you would feel the tale of frailty the more keenly since it shamed the author of your days? and that the last thing you would do would be to publish it in the religious press? Well, the man who tried to do what Damien did, is my father, and the father of the man in the Apia bar, and the father of all who love goodness; and he was your father too, if God had given you grace to see it.

FATHER DAMIEN

By A. C. Benson and H. F. W. Tatham.

(Note: This article was written in October, 1894.)

Joseph Damien was born at Tremeloos, a village near Louvain, in Belgium, on January 3rd, 1841. When a boy he seems to have learned to turn his hand to anything, for he is said to have been "doctor, nurse, carpenter, school-master, magistrate, painter, gardener, cook, and sometimes even undertaker and grave-digger" in his native village. But at the age of nineteen he was taken by his father to see his elder brother, who was then studying at Louvain for the priesthood, and Joseph made up his mind to follow the same vocation. Three years later his brother was to go as a missionary to the South Sea Islands; but he fell ill, and young Joseph—he was only twenty-two — was allowed, at his own earnest request, to take his place, and set off for the islands of the Pacific, where he followed ordinary mission work for ten years. But in the year 1873 he happened to be present when

the bishop was lamenting that he could not find a missioner to go to the lepers at Molokai, much less a pastor to reside there. Here was Damien's chance. 'Monseigneur,' said he, 'here are your new missioners' (some young priests had recently arrived); 'one of them could take my district, and if you will be kind enough to allow it, I will go to Molokai and labor for the poor lepers, whose wretched state of bodily and spiritual misfortune has often made my heart bleed within me.' That same day he went to the leper island, in a boat that was taking some cattle there.

Molokai is one of the Sandwich Islands. These islands lie in the Pacific, about half-way between America and Australia, and were first discovered in 1778 by Captain Cook. But it was not till 1820 that any white man except traders and whalers visited them; and these only brought with them the curses of drink and other vices, carrying disease in their train; so that the number of native inhabitants has shrunk from 400,000 to 40,000.

But in 1820 the islands were Chris-

tianized, and the more easily because a great native king—Kamehameha I—had just effected a revolution, uniting all the islands under his own sway, and abolishing the system of caste, or 'tabu,' as it was called. 'By this system,' says a writer, Dr. Bartlett, 'it was death for a man to let his shadow fall upon a chief, to enter his enclosure, or to stand if his name were mentioned in a song. No woman might eat with her husband, or eat fowl, pork, cocoanut, or bananas —things offered to the idols. 'How did you lose your eye?' a little girl was asked. 'I ate a banana,' replied the child.

But one day, as the missionaries from America found when they landed, Kamehambeha had risen from his place at dinner, and walked across and sat down with his wives. This broke the 'tabu' and the system gave way everywhere. But Kamehameha was dead—apparently not a Christian, though on his death-bed he had felt a wish to become so. His reforms are perhaps more creditable to him for this reason, as they must have been actuated by his native good feeling

and good sense; and we must remember that the only Christians he had seen were traders, whose example was hardly likely to commend their religion to anyone.

The new king, however, welcomed the missionaries. He had not yet become civilized enough to wear clothes, and it was only to please the missionaries that he consented to go so far as to put on a pair of silk stockings and a hat. He entertained them at royal feasts; the staple joint appears to have been dog, of which animals as many as 200 were sometimes cooked for one meal; and the dainty white men were cheated into eating them by the trick of serving up a roast dog with a pig's head attached. Christianity soon spread, partly owing to the example of a great chieftainess, who dared to go up the volcano to the lake of fire, and cast into it the sacred ohelo berries. This lake of fire was supposed to be the home of the terrible goddess Pele, and by this action—one of real courage, if we consider the circumstances—the chieftainess defied Pele to do her worst. As no harm followed, a

third of the people forsook Pele and turned to Christ.

The islands are all volcanic, but the fires have for the most part died out of them, beginning from the north in order, but in Hawaii, the largest and most southerly, they are still active. There is the lake of fire, filled with fountains of boiling lava, red by day, yellow by night; approached over three miles of the same substance, black and hardened, taking all kinds of fantastic shapes, and forming a crust sometimes as little as eight inches thick over the red-hot mass below. Molokai, however, the island with which we have to deal, is different. It is wedge-shaped; on the south shore the coast is low, and from it the land rises gradually to a height of 1,500 feet. From this height the northern coast is reached by a precipitous descent; the leper villages lying between the base of the precipices and the sea. Probably the whole island is an extinct volcano, tipped so that half the crater is under the sea, the villages lying really in the cup of this crater.

We have spoken of the leper villages;

but we have not yet explained how they came to be where they are, and to explain this we must go back a little.

Leprosy apparently comes from the East; but it is now so widespread that it is found in Iceland, in Sumatra, in Madeira, in Mexico, in Silesia, in Hindostan, in countless other places. It was perhaps introduced into Europe by the Crusaders returning from the East, though it is apparently traceable earlier; there having been two lazar houses, or leper hospitals, in Canterbury during the reign of William the Conqueror.

It soon became fearfully prevalent; in the twelfth century there was scarcely a town or village in France without its leper hospital. In Great Britain every large town had a lazar house, or a leper village near it, though separate. At Norwich there were six hospitals, at King's Lynn five.

Royal families did not escape. Both Henry III and Henry IV were suspected of being lepers. Robert Bruce and Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, died of leprosy. But the mediæval world was vigorous in stamping out the evil by isolating lepers

and separating the clean from the unclean, and it is in following this example that the Sandwich Islanders have created the leper villages in Molokai. Leprosy broke out there more than fifty years ago, apparently brought by a foreigner from Asia. It spread quickly; but no action was taken at once, as it should have been. The sociable and hospitable habits of the natives no doubt helped the spread. Leprosy, too, develops slowly, and a leper who has been really attacked for months or years may not have known it, for the symptoms perhaps have not made themselves evident. During all this time great mischief may be done, innocently enough.

At last the spread became so alarming that some action had to be taken. Segregation, that is, complete separation of the lepers from the rest of the community, was the only chance. But it was hard to carry it out. The natives who were lepers dreaded parting from their friends, and going into lifelong banishment; the healthy preferred to brave the risk of contagion to letting their dear ones go; for the Hawaiians

are a most affectionate people, and not afraid either of the disease or of death. The lepers were concealed and had to be taken by force; heart-rending scenes followed the captures. But it was the only chance for the rest of the nation. So the little lowland beneath the cliff of Molokai was secured, and the work of transportation began at once, about twenty years ago; and it must continue till the disease is stamped out from the kingdom. Let us see what an eye-witness says of the view of this lowland from the summit of the cliff above:

"Tearing our way through shrubs and vines, we came upon the brink, and looked down. . . . Far beneath us was a tongue of land thrust out into the sea; it was sunburnt and dust-coloured, blackened at the edges, where the rough lava rocks were uncovered, and fretted from end to end with tumbling breakers. Scarcely a tree was visible throughout its length and breadth; but it was divided and sub-divided by low stone walls into a thousand small plots of every conceivable shape. . . . no doubt under cultivation formerly, for Molokai was once densely populated . . . On one shore of the lowland was a little hamlet—a handful of tiny wnite cottages scattered in a green and sheltered spot. On the opposite shore, two miles away, was another and somewhat larger settle-

ment, with its cottages more scattered, and its garden spots less green. Both of these villages were nestling near the cliffs, one of them quite in the shadow. Between the two there were but few habitations, and at the farther end of the lowland, where it jutted into the sea, there were none at all." Now for the descent.

"We were dropping, slipping, scrambling down a sharp flank of the cliff that cut the air like a flying buttress. By a series of irregular steps we slowly descended, leaping from rock to rock when practicable, but often putting off our packs, sliding into the little ledge below, and then dragging the packs after us. . . . For two hours we continued to descend. Now and then we came upon the carcases of cattle that had perished in this awful path—for herds are sometimes driven down the steep incline to supply the leper market, and there is always some loss of life in these cases.

"At intervals we threaded deliciously cool and shady groves, from under whose dense boughs we could look slantwise into the settlements and see men and women moving to and fro, and so at last we came out upon the treeless plain. . . .

"The first glimpse of Kalawao (about a mile and a half distant) might lead a stranger to pronounce it a thriving hamlet of perhaps five hundred inhabitants. Its single street is bordered by neat whitewashed cottages with numerous little gardens of bright flowers and clusters of graceful and decorative tropical trees. It lies so near the base of the mountain that not a few of the huge stones that were

loosened by the rains have come thundering down the heights and rolled almost to the fences that enclose the village suburbs. . . . By the roadside, on the edge of the village, between it and the sea, stood a little chapel. . . . The chapel door stood ajar; in a moment it was thrown open, and a young priest paused upon the threshold to give us welcome. His cassock was worn and faded, his hair tumbled like a schoolboy's, his hands stained and hardened by toil; but the glow of health was in his face, the buoyancy of youth in his manner; while his ringing laugh, his ready sympathy, and his inspiring magnetism, told of one who in any sphere might do a noble work, and who in that which he has chosen is doing the noblest of all works. This was Father Damien, the self-exiled priest, the one clean man in the midst of his flock of lepers."

This was ten years ago, in October, 1884. Let us look at the other side of the picture, drawn a few years later by another hand.

"He" (Father Damien) "is now forty-nine years old—a thick-set, strongly-built man, with black, curly hair and short beard turning gray. His countenance must have been handsome, with a full, well-curved mouth, and a short, straight nose; but he is now a good deal disfigured by leprosy, though not so badly as to make it anything but a pleasure to look at his bright, sensible face. His forehead is swollen and ridged, the eyebrows are gone, the nose is

somewhat sunk, and the ears are greatly enlarged; his hands and face look uneven . . . and his body also shows many signs of the disease."

Let us see what had happened in the five years intervening between these two pictures.

You may remember that Father Damien arrived at Kalawao in the year 1873. He found the place in a miserable condition. About eighty of the lepers were in hospital; the other lived where they could—many beneath frail roofs, made of branches of the castor-oil tree, under which all ages and sexes were often crowded together pell-mell, in a state of filth and rags, and in an atmosphere unbearable to a healthy man, even one like Father Damien, for more than a few minutes together. There were many people in the island ready to preach to any new-comer their old axiom, 'In this place there is no law.' Drink was another curse of Molokai. A plant called 'Ki' by the natives grows abundantly along the base of the cliffs, and from the root of this, cooked and fermented, can be made a drink which

is terribly intoxicating, producing a state akin to madness. It was nominally illegal to distil this spirit, but the law was constantly and openly broken. Father Damien, however, went round the settlement, at the risk of unpopularity, threatening and persuading, till at last he induced everyone to give up the vessels used for the preparation of the spirit. All this was only done in the teeth of a fierce opposition, but it was done at last, and one of the chief causes of the moral degradation of the lepers was removed.

Again, when he first arrived at Molokai there was no proper supply of water for the inhabitants. They had to fetch it from a distance on their shoulders; and the trouble of this naturally made them careless and dirty. But Father Damien found out that there was a natural reservoir up in the hills, full of ice-cold water, in a basin which had never dried in any drought. He obtained water-pipes, and with the help of the strongest of the lepers laid them down, so that pure water was conveyed

to the villages in plenty, for drinking and washing alike.

Then, about a year after he arrived, a strong south wind, called by the natives the 'cona,' sweeping up the slope of the island, and plunging over the northern cliffs, blew down most of the lepers' wretched houses, so that they had to sleep out in the wind and rain, without anything to cover them. But the Father made this an opportunity to get better houses for them. 'I at once,' he says himself, 'called the attention of our sympathizing agent to the fact, and very soon there arrived several schooner loads of scantling to build solid frames with, and lepers in distress received, on application, the necessary material for the erection of decent houses.'

Now, owing to the kindness of the King and Queen of Hawaii and the generosity of the government there, the cottages are all comfortable, and raised on trestles so as not to be in contact with the earth. There are five churches, and every person receives food regularly; meat, biscuits and other supplies. Besides all this there are, of course, the

hospitals, where the worst cases are nursed. But we must not suppose that all horrible sights are now concealed from the eye in Molokai. Listen to what Father Damien says himself in a letter written in 1880:

"My Dear Brother,

"Your kind letter of the 12th of November from Louvain reached me on the 2nd of January. Fancy, I have now been nearly seven years among the lepers! During that long period I have had the opportunity of closely observing, and as it were touching with my hand, human misery under its most terrible aspect. Half the people are like living corpses, which the worms have already begun to devour, at first internally, afterwards externally, until they make most loathsome wounds which very rarely heal."

An eye-witness has given a horrible description of what he saw in the hospitals; horrible to the last degree, but perhaps it ought to be quoted that we may realize as fully as we can what those who work in them have to go through.

"I remember," he says, "how, one day, as we were walking among the wards of the hospital at Kalawao, Father Damien turned suddenly to us, and said: 'Ah, here is something

I must show you!' We approached what seemed a little bundle of rags, or rubbish, half hidden under a soiled blanket; the curious doctors were about to examine it, when the good Father seized me, and cried excitedly: 'You must not look! You must not look!' I assured him that I was not at all afraid to see even the worst that could be shown me there; for my eyes had become accustomed to horrors, and the most sickening sights no longer affected me. A corner of the blanket was raised, cautiously; a breathing object lay beneath; a face, a human face, was turned slowly towards us—a face in which scarcely a trace of anything human remained. The dark skin was puffed out and blackened; a kind of moss, or mould, gummy and glistening, covered it; the muscles of the mouth, having contracted laid bare the grinning teeth; the thickened tongue lay like a fig between them; the eyelids, curled tightly back, exposed the inner surface, and the protruding eyeballs, now shapeless and broken, looked not unlike bursted grapes. It was a leprous child, who, within the last few days, had assumed that horrible visage; surely the grave knows nothing more frightful than this!"

Again, the weather in Molokai is not always what one naturally expects in a South Sea island. The cona wind often blows wildly for days together, sometimes with rain, sometimes without; and

at other times the damp heat is very exhausting.

There were in the island with Father Damien at the time of his death two other priests, two lay-brothers, and three sisters of charity, of the Franciscan order. There are five churches, and, of course, schools. Some of the boys' names are very odd; for instance, Jane Peter, Henry Ann, Sit-in-the-cold, The Rat-eater, A Fall-from-a-horse, The First Nose, The Dead-House, The Emetic. Some at Honolulu are even stranger; Mr. Scissors, The Fool, The Man who washes his Dimples, The tired Lizard, The Stomach, The great Kettle, Poor Pussy, The Pigsty.

When Father Damien went to Molokai there were eight hundred lepers: there are now more than a thousand, but improved in every way to a great extent, in comfort, in morals, one may even say in health; for though leprosy is probably incurable, its victims do not suffer much if properly tended. It was in 1883, after living among the lepers for ten years, that Damien began to have suspicions that he was a leper. But for

a long time the doctors told him that he need not alarm himself; and you may remember that the account given of him a year later describes him as 'the one clean man in the midst of his flock of lepers.' But at last one day he scalded himself on the foot, and to his surprise and alarm felt no pain. This anæsthesia, or want of feeling, in the extremities is a sure sign of one kind of leprosy. He went at once to the doctor. 'I cannot bear to tell you,' said he, after examining the patient, 'but what you say is true.'

'It is no shock to me,' said Damien, 'for I have long felt sure of it.'

He did not seem distressed, although henceforth the permission he had obtained to travel over the other islands was at once at an end, and he had to confine himself to Molokai. He felt himself on an equality with his people. Some with whom his first reforms had made him unpopular were only finally won over when he himself became a leper like them. Mr. Clifford, who has written a book about his visit to Molokai, paid that visit partly to induce Father

Damien to use a certain oil which had been introduced into Indian prisons for the treatment of leprosy, and for which he claimed a great success. He doubted, however, if it would do any good in Damien's case, partly because lepers are always naturally indisposed to take trouble for their own cure, and this oil had to be rubbed in for four hours a day, which could be enforced in the case of convicts in India, but not of free men; partly, too, because the leprosy had most probably by that time attacked the lungs. He was right; for though a temporary improvement in appearance took place up to January, 1889, the next month brought a change. On the 28th of February, Damien wrote a letter to Mr. Clifford, in which he says that it is only in heaven that he hopes to meet him again. The end was very near. The Second Sunday after Easter was the last Sunday that Father Damien spent on earth. The Gospel for that day is the same both in the English and the Roman Catholic services. It contains the words, 'I am the Good Shepherd; I lay down My life for the sheep.' And surely no

words could be more strangely appropriate to the case of the pastor who was even then about to leave the flock for which he had died. For the corruptible was soon to put on incorruption, and the mortal to put on immortality. One of the fathers who were with him on the island describes his last days.

"It was at the close of March," he writes, "that Father Damien felt his end approaching, and put his temporal affairs in order. On the 28th he took to his bed, and on the 30th began his direct preparation for death by a general confession and renewal of his vows. Next day he received the Holy Viaticum. 'You see my hands,' he said; 'all the wounds are healing, and the crust is becoming black. You know that is a sign of death. Look at my eyes, too; I have seen so many lepers die that I can't be mistaken. Death is not far off. I should have liked to see the Bishop again, but *le bon Dieu* is calling me to keep Easter with Himself. God be blessed!' On April 2nd Father Conradi gave him Extreme Unction. 'How good God is,' he said during the day, 'to have preserved me long enough to have two priests by my side at my last moments, and also to have the good Sisters of Charity at the Léproserie! That has been my Nunc Dimittis. The work of the lepers is assured, and I am no longer necessary, and so will go 'up yonder.'" "When you are up above, Father, you will not forget those

you leave orphans?" said Father Wendolen, one of his attendants.

"Oh no! If I have any credit with God, I will intercede for all in the Léproserie."

"I then begged him to leave me his mantle, like Elijah, in order that I might have his great heart. 'Why, what would you do with it?' he asked; 'it is full of leprosy!'" A few days of respite, even rallying and hope, followed. The good Sisters of Charity often visited him. Everybody admired his wonderful patience. "He so ardent, so lively, so robust, was thus nailed down in his miserable couch, yet without much pain. He was laid on the ground on a wretched mattress, like the poorest leper. We had the greatest difficulty to get him to accept a bed. And how poorly off he was! He who had spent so much money to relieve the lepers had so forgotten himself that he had not a change of linen or bed-clothes." On the 13th he had a bad relapse, and all hope was at an end. A little after midnight he received Holy Communion for the last time, and began occasionally to lose consciousness. The next day he still recognised his comrades, and could not speak, though from time to time he affectionately pressed their hands. On the 15th his agony began, and soon all was over. He died without any effort, as if going to sleep. After death all marks of leprosy disappeared from his face, and the wounds in his hands were quite dried. Strange to say, at his own request, he was buried under a large pandanus tree. When he first landed at Molokai he had

no dwelling, and was obliged to sleep for several nights under the shade of this tree, and for this reason he desired to be buried there.'

He was not fifty when he died, but he had done work in the last sixteen years of his life which few men could accomplish in a century. And neither for him nor for his work is it the end. His example has borne fruit already, and will bear it hereafter; and he himself is among those 'which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. . . . They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

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